

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine,
With them a Bastard of the Kings decait,
And all th' vnlesed humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
Haue sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briebe, a brauer choise of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the English bottomes haue waft o're,
Did neuer fote vpon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,

Drum beats.

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.

King. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.

Anst. By how much vnexpected, by so much
We must awake indeuor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke,
and others.*

K. John. Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace ascend to heauen,
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.
Fra. Peace be to England, if that warre returne
From France to England, there to liue in peace:
England weloue, and for that Englands sake,
With burden of our armor heere we sweare:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from louing England art so farre,
That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother Geffreyes face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abstract doth containe that large,
Which died in Geffrey: and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breede into as huge a volume:
That Geffrey was thy elder brother borne,
And this his sonne, England was Geffreyes right,
And this is Geffreyes in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When liuing blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-masterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission
To draw my answer from thy Articles?

Fra. From that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts
In any beast of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and staines of right,
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. John. Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.
Fra. Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.
Queen. Who is it thou dost call vsurper France?
Const. Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.
Queen. Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queene, and checke the world.
Con. My bed was euer to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Likier in feature to his father Geffrey
Then thou and John, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
His father neuer was so true begor,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.
Queen. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy face.
Const. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.

Anst. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Anst. What the deuill art thou?

Bast. One that wil play the deuill sir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
He smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as lightly on the backe of him
As great Alcides shoes vpon an Asse:
But Asse, he take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Anst. What cracker is this same that deafes our eares
With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King Lewis. determine what we shall doe strait,
Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.

King John. this is the very summe of all:
England and Ireland, Angiers, Toraime, Maine,
In right of Arthur doe I claime of thee:
Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

John. My life as soone: I doe desie thee France,
Arthur of Britaine, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere loue Ie giue thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of France can win;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.
Const. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Giue y: a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.

Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my graue,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me, (weeper.

Qu. Mo. His mother thames him so, poore boy hee
Con. Now shame vpon you where she does or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Drawes those heauen-mouing pearles fro his poor eies,
Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:
I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd
To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.
Con. Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurper
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy

Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe;
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Remoued from thy sinne-conceiuing wombe!
John. Bedlam haue done, who lo noisellop
Con. I haue but this to say,
That he is not onely plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sinne and her; the plague
On this remoued issue, plagued for her; the plague
And with her plague her sinne: his iniurie
Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne,
All punish'd in the person of this childe;
And all for her, a plague vpon her.
Que. Thou vnaduis'd fould, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne;
Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.
Fra. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It ill becomes this presence to cry ayme
To these ill-tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet summon higher to the walled
These men of Angiers, levs heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, *Arthur or John.*

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen vpon the walled.

Cit. Who is it that hath warr'd vs to the walled?
Fra. Tis France, for England.

John. England for it selfe:
You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects,

Fra. You louing men of Angiers, *Arthur* subiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle:

John. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first:
These flagges of France that are aduanced heere
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,

Haue hither march'd to your endamagement:
The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their Iron indignation gainst your walled:

All preparation for a bloody fiedge
And merciles proceeding, by these French,
Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates:

And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waste doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their Ordinance,

By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made
For bloody power to rush vpon your peace:

But on the sight of vs your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates,

To saue vnscratched your Citties threatned cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;
And now instead of bulletts wrapt in fire

To make a shaking feuer in your walled,
They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake,
To make a faithlesse errour in your eares,

Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens,
And let vs in: Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,

Craues harbourage within your Citie walled:
Fra. When I haue saide, make answer to vs both.
Loe in this right hand, whose protection

Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right
Of him it holds, stands yong *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man

And King ore him, and all that he enioyes
For this downe-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hospitable zeale
In the releefe of this oppressed childe,
Religiously protokes: Be pleased then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzzled Beare,
Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp

Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heauen,
And with a blessed and vn-vext retire,
With vnhack'd swords, and Helmes all vnbruist,

We will beare home that Iustie blood againe,
Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace:

But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fad walled,
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre;

Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord?

In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd
Or shall we giue the signall to our rage,
And stake in blood to our possession?

Cit. In breese, we are the King of Englands subiects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne;
John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in:

Cit. That can we not: but he that protees the King
To him will we proue loyall, till that time
Haue we rammd vp our gates against the world.

John. Doth not the Crowne of England, proue the
King?

And if not that, I bring you Witnesse
Twice fiftene thousand hearts of Englands breed.

Bast. Bastards and else.
John. To verifie our title with their liues,

Fra. As many and as well-borne bloods as those.
Bast. Some Bastards too.

Fra. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.
Cit. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both;

John. Then God forgive the sinne of all those foules,
That to their euerlasting residence,
Before the dew of euening fall, shall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.

Fra. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes!
Bast. Saint George that swindg'd the Dragon,
And ere since sir's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore

Teach vs some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,
I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide,
And make a monster of you.

Anst. Peace, no more.
Bast. O tremble for you heare the Lyon rore.

John. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l set forth
In best appointment all our Regiments.

Bast. Speed then to take aduantage of the field,
Fra. It shall be so; and at the other hill

Command the rest to stand; God and our right, *Exeunt*
Heere after excursions, *Enter the Herald of France*

With Trumpets to the gates,
Fra. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in.